

FEBRUARY

10¢

NO. 75

# Real WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

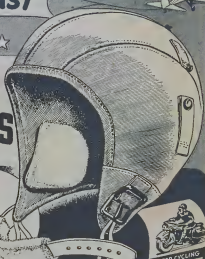


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# REAL WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

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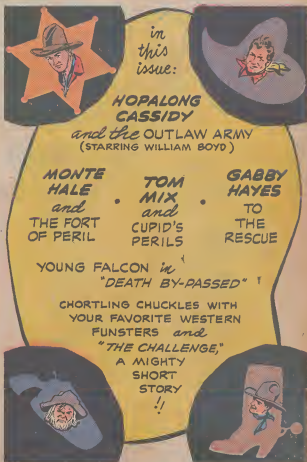
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**GABBY HAYES WESTERN**

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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February, 1948. Vol. 13, No. 75

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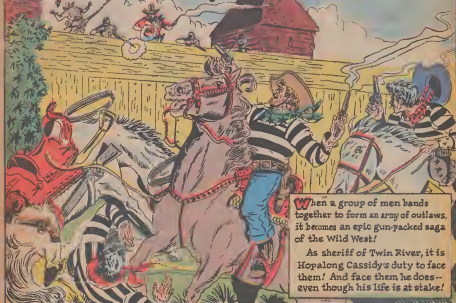
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

and The Army of **OUTLAWS**



When a group of men bands together to form an army of outlaws, it becomes an epic gun-packed saga of the Wild West!

As sheriff of Twin River, it is Hopalong Cassidy's duty to face them! And face them he does--even though his life is at stake!

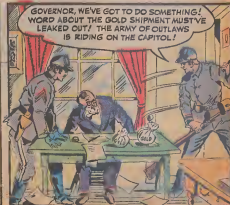
**AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE...**

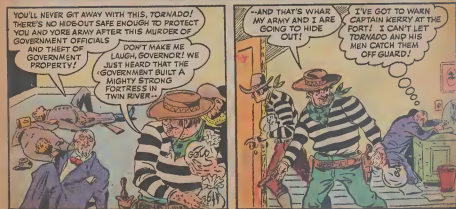
HERE, THIS IS THE GOLD THE GOVERNMENT SENT TO BUILD NEW ROADS, GOVERNOR!

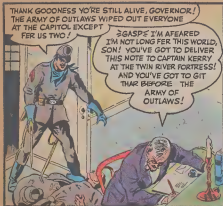
I'LL PUT IT IN THE SAFE IMMEDIATELY!

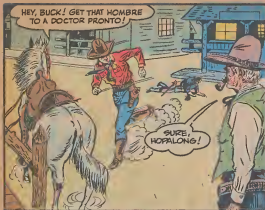


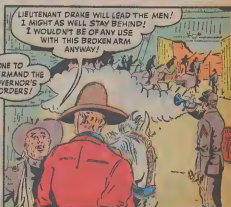
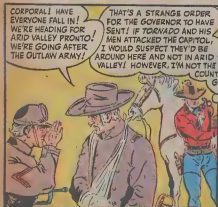
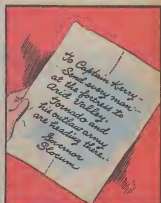
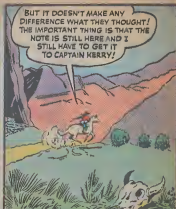
GOVERNOR, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WORD ABOUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT MUST'VE LEAKED OUT! THE ARMY OF OUTLAWS IS RIDING ON THE CAPITOL!



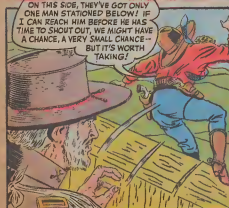
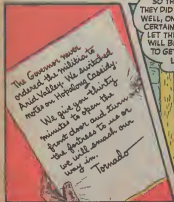
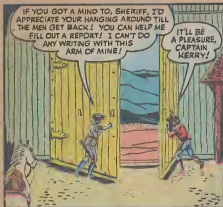


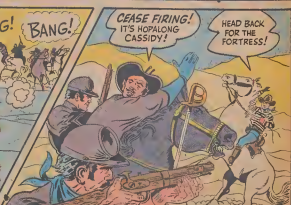


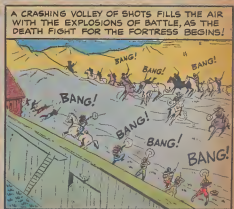
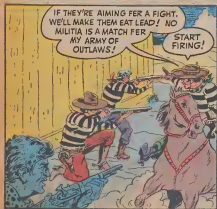
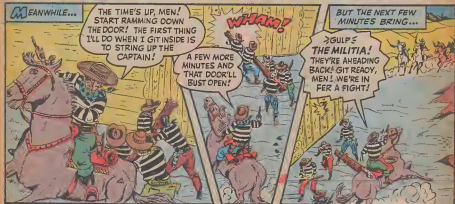
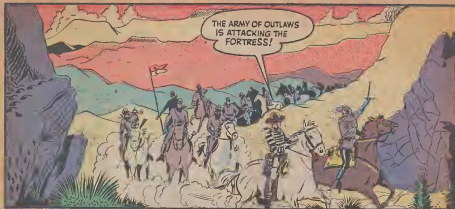


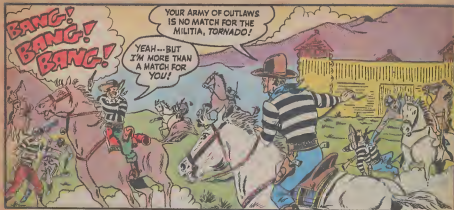


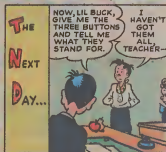
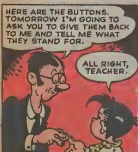
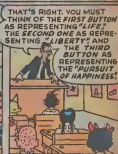
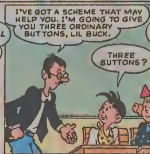
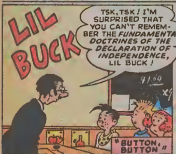
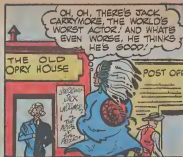












# BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW

"THE FORTUNE HUNTERS"

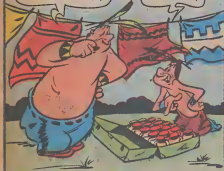
HEY, LITTLE ARROW!  
YOU GO LOCO? WHAT FOR  
GET UP AT DAWN TO THROW  
MUD AT CLEAN CLOTHES?

QUIET, BIG BOW. ME  
TESTING WAY TO MAKE  
US FORTUNE!



WE NO UNDERSTAND! HOW  
MAKE FORTUNE BY MAKING  
CLOTHES DIRTY?

LOOK AT HEAP  
BIG JARS IN  
SUITCASE!!



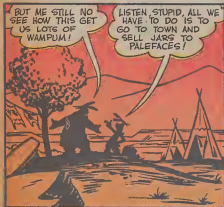
IT SAY "DIRT CLEANER",  
LITTLE ARROW! WHERE  
YOU GET?

ME MAKE IT  
MYSELF!



BUT ME STILL NO  
SEE HOW THIS GET  
US LOTS OF  
WAMPUM!

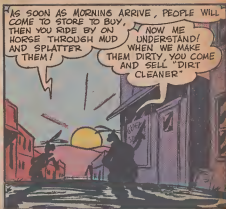
LISTEN STUPID, ALL WE  
HAVE TO DO IS TO  
GO TO TOWN AND  
SELL JARS TO  
PALEFACES!



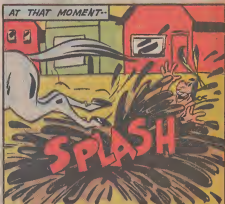
BUT WHAT IF PALEFACE  
CLOTHES NO DIRTY?

THEN WE FIX -  
LIKE ME DO TO  
CLEAN CLOTHES  
ON LINE!

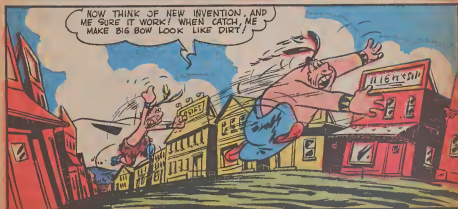














# THE CHALLENGER

*A RED ROAN Wild Horse Story*

*By Dick Kraus*



**T**HE MOUNTAIN AIR was clear and crisp. All that could be heard was the chirping of a tiny bird in a thicket, and the faint whispering of the breeze, playing through the stunted oak on the slopes.

Then there came a new sound—the drumming of a horse's hooves on the mountain-side.

Moving swiftly, his scarlet coat gleaming brilliantly in the sunlight, a great stallion came into view. Long mane and tail waving like crimson banners, it was easy to see how he had earned the name of Red Roan, King of the Wild Horses! It did not seem that any other wild stallion could match him for speed or for grace!

Long strides eating up the miles, Red Roan was galloping toward the Sierra Verde range, where he knew his herd would be waiting for him.

A month before, the strawberry stallion's leg had been badly injured in a battle with a huge bear. But he had been taken home and nursed back to health by the ranchman whose life he had saved. Now, leg healed, he had been released, and was heading for his herd again.

Momentarily, the crimson bronc paused on a little hillock, great dark nostrils searching the wind. There was a faint scent in the air: His eyes flicked over the distant mountain range. Yes! There they were! The mares and colts of the wild horse herd were cropping grass on a distant slope!

Tossing his long head, Red Roan pawed the ground, eagerly.

Then, whinnying, he sped down the hillock, and galloped across the intervening plain. But as he approached the herd, he suddenly pulled back, skidding to a surprised halt. For there, standing boldly before the mares and colts, was another stallion!

This was a giant black horse, powerfully muscled, his sides and legs torn and scarred with the wounds of many a cruel fight. His pose was one of defiance. He had taken over the leadership of the herd in Red

Roan's absence, and he intended to keep it. But Red Roan had returned to lead the herd himself and, according to the way of the wild, only a test of might could settle the differences between the two stallions.

"NEEIIIGGHHHH!"

Without hesitating, Red Roan plunged forward. There was a challenger to the king of the herd, and the challenger must be beaten!

Swiftly, the midnight-black horse wheeled to meet the attack. Rearing back, he was outlined against the blue sky, and Red Roan could see that his opponent stood a good hand above him, and that he probably weighed a great deal more, too!

Straining mightily, white teeth gleaming, the two horses joined battle.

Again and again, their hooves opened ugly gashes in the other's sides and flanks. Again and again, their teeth grazed the other's head and neck, in savage, wolf-like bites!

Unused to battle, and weakened by his month of inactivity, Red Roan slowly began to tire. He fought valiantly, but the weariness crept in a great waves through his back and legs. He could not move so quickly and the black horse was reaching him more easily with his punishing blows.

Then, the challenger suddenly lunged forward with all his might, smashing Red Roan squarely on his side.

**C**AUGHT off balance, the scarlet horse was hurled to the ground. Immediately, a terrible pain shot through his leg! The old wound he had suffered from the bear had reopened. Somehow, he managed to struggle to his feet, avoiding the lashing, hammer-like blows of his triumphant enemy! Then, head down, he cantered away, favoring the wounded leg, limping badly, and bleeding in several spots.

When he was a half-mile away, Red Roan turned.

The black stallion had returned to the

herd, having repelled the old ruler. Now he was king, for he had won the battle. It was Nature's law.

Slowly, Red Roan moved away, a solitary speck on the plain.

He had been in this position when he was a young horse and had been defeated by the gray king of the herd. Then he had come back to become the ruler. But would his leg heal now? Could he ever defeat this mighty black horse? Dejected, Red Roan began to crop grass.

**A MONTH WENT BY.** In time, the crimson stallion's leg had knit. And, through his constant movements on the prairie in following the travels of the herd, he had regained his old strength. Red Roan felt that it was now time to challenge his enemy again.

But he knew that it would be no easy fight!

"He is cunning and he is strong! So I, too, must be cunning!"

The herd had come to a spot in the mountains that Red Roan remembered from his colthood days. There was a great pine forest, and below it, a stream that opened out into a muskeg-covered swamp. Here Red Roan had once seen a moose, wandered down from the North Woods, hopelessly mired! With his great weight, the moose had broken through the layer of muskeg, and had become trapped in the swamp beneath!

As he remembered the moose, Red Roan suddenly brought his head high in the breeze. There was a chance—a chance he would take!

Curvetting, Red Roan turned toward the herd. His mane whipping in the breeze, he galloped up, and then halted again, just as he had a month before. Imperiously, his whinny was heard. Just as the month before, the giant black steed galloped out to meet him! All along, the black horse had watched him following the herd, wondering when he would press the fight again.

Now he knew and he was not worried!

This time, the midnight horse decided, the fight would be to a finish. Only one would survive!

For a moment, the horses reared high on their hind legs, striking out angrily. Then, Red Roan turned, and began to trot away, down the slope.

Without pausing, the bigger horse slip-

ped into quick pursuit. Again they met in a blurred whirl of combat, and again Red Roan was the first to pull away. The black stallion followed him close to the old muskeg swamp.

Hooves making hollow, sucking sounds, Red Roan lunged into the swamp. The giant midnight bronc was close behind him.

The black horse reared high, his feet pounding a savage tattoo on Red Roan's side! But now Red Roan turned and fought back with a savage fury that would not be denied. The black steed whirled away and then came back to the fight. Together they twisted and slashed, long teeth drawing painful welts.

Then the greater weight of the black horse had a sudden, disastrous effect!

First one, then the other of his hind legs, broke through the muskeg. Desperately he struggled, trying to escape; but the harder he fought, the worse he became embroiled. And all the while he was pinioned to the treacherous swamp, Red Roan was slashing at him, biting, hitting him with mighty hooves. This was what he had planned!

Finally, the black horse sank helplessly to the ground in surrender. It was the end. He was ready to die.

But Red Roan stepped back. He was not a vengeful conqueror. He stood there, sides heaving in and out. After a while, recovering strength, the black horse managed to heave himself up from the muskeg. Thoroughly beaten, both by Red Roan's courage and cunning, he stumbled out of the swamp.

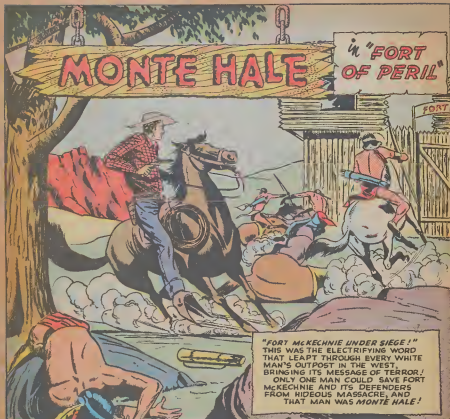
With great dark eyes, Red Roan watched him go. He knew he would not return, for in this battle the master had been proven.

Slowly, the scarlet stallion's tongue licked his wounds.

**T**HEN his nostrils flickered, and he raised his head. There, on the hillside above the swamp, the herd was waiting for its leader. His tail whipped out in the air and his feet drummed along the ground. He had been away a long time, but Red Roan was once again ruler of the herd!

THE END

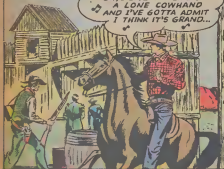
Ride the Adventure Trail with **RED ROAN** every month in **REAL WESTERN HERO!**



"FORT MCKECHNIE UNDER SIEGE!" THIS WAS THE ELECTRIFYING WORD THAT LEAPT THROUGH EVERY WHITE MAN'S OUTPOST IN THE WEST, BRINGING ITS MESSAGE OF TERROR! ONLY ONE MAN COULD SAVE MCKECHNIE AND ITS DEFENDERS FROM HIDEOUS MASSACRE, AND THAT MAN WAS MONTE HALE!

ON THE DAY OF THE ATTACK, MONTE HALE RODE INTO FORT MCKECHNIE....

OH, I LIVE THE LIFE OF A LONE GOWHAND AND I'VE GOTTA ADMIT I THINK IT'S GRAND...



NEVER SAW SO MANY HOMBRES PACKING THEIR SHOOTING IRONS! WONDER WHAT'S IN THE WIND?



I'M MAJOR JAMES, COMMANDING THIS FORT! DID YOU COME FROM THE OJIPWAY COUNTRY?

THAT'S RIGHT, MAJOR! FOLLOWED THE MAIN TRAIL FOR FORTY MILES! I WAS HEADING FOR A SOFT BED AND A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP!



YOU WON'T GET IT HERE, STRANGER! DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE AS YOU CAME THIS WAY?

COME TO THINK OF IT, I DIDN'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF ANY OF THE OJIPWAY TRIBE!



THEN IT'S TRUE! WE'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT THE CHIEF OF THE OJIPWAYS IS STIRRING UP HIS BRAVES WITH WAR TALK! WE'RE EXPECTING AN ATTACK ANY MINUTE!



BUT I HEARD THE OJIPWAYS WERE A FRIENDLY TRIBE!

THEY WERE--UNTIL CHIEF RED WATER TOOK OVER! I WOULDN'T WORRY, IF ONLY OUR GUNS AND SUPPLIES HAD ARRIVED AS I EXPECTED! BUT WE'RE ON EXTREMELY SHORT RATION!

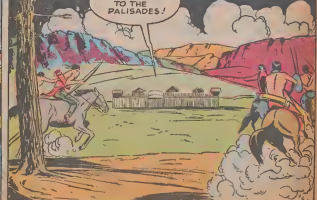


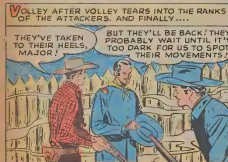
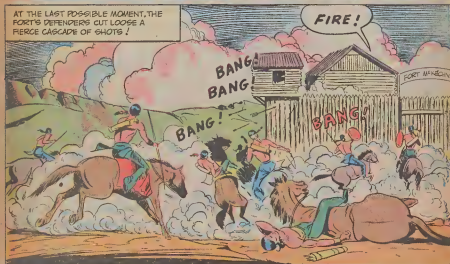
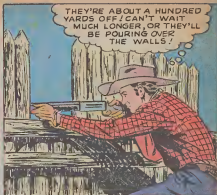
**S**UDDENLY...

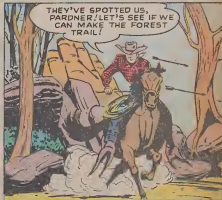
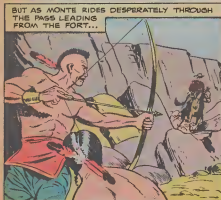
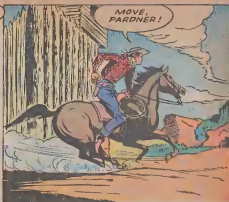
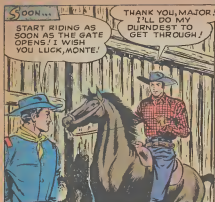
INDIANS!



EVERY MAN TO THE PALISADES!







THAT'S THE STORY, SIR!  
MAJOR JAMES NEEDS  
TROOPS AND AMMUNITION  
TO BEAT OFF THE  
ATTACK! AND HE  
NEEDS THEM  
AT ONCE!

I'M AFRAID  
I CAN'T  
HELP HIM!



EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN I COULD  
SPARE IS OUT IN THE FIELD UNDER  
MY SUBORDINATE, COLONEL FLETCHER!  
IT'LL BE A DAY BEFORE MY FORT  
SCOUT REACHES HIM WITH  
THE NEWS!

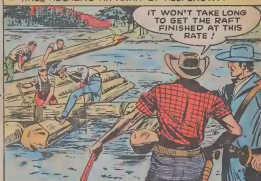


BUT WE'VE PLENTY  
OF AMMUNITION!  
ALL YOU NEED--  
IF YOU CAN FIND  
A WAY OF TRAN-  
SPORTING IT DOWN  
THE RIVER!

I RECKON  
THAT CAN BE  
ARRANGED,  
COMMANDER!



FROM THE VERY YOUNG AND THE VERY OLD, MONTE  
HALE RECRUITS AN ARMY OF HELPERS....



IT WON'T TAKE LONG  
TO GET THE RAFT  
FINISHED AT THIS  
RATE!

AFTER THE COMPLETION  
OF THE RAFT...

I'LL BE ABLE TO LOAD  
ENOUGH AMMUNITION  
TO HELP THE MEN AT  
FORT McKECHNIE!



AND SOON...

GOOD  
LUCK!

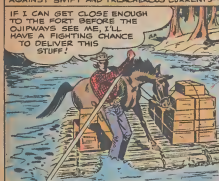
THANKS! I'LL  
PROBABLY  
NEED IT!





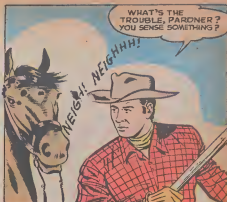
AFTER MANY HOURS OF CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST SWIFT AND TREACHEROUS CURRENTS—

IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE FORT BEFORE THE QUIPWAYS SEE ME, I'LL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE TO DELIVER THIS STUFF!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, PARDNER? YOU SENSE SOMETHING?

NEIGH! NEIGHHH!



WAL, IT APPEARS WE'RE GOING TO HEAR FROM THE QUIPWAYS CONSIDERABLY SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

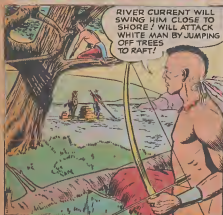


THROUGH A STORM OF ARROWS, MONTE HALE POLES THE UNWIELDY RAFT DOWNSTREAM WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO...

OUR LUCK'S HOLDING GOOD SO FAR!

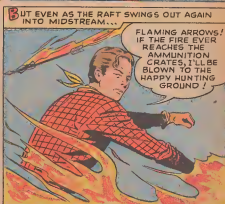


RIVER CURRENT WILL SWING HIM CLOSE TO SHORE! WILL ATTACK WHITE MAN BY JUMPING OFF TREES TO RAFT!



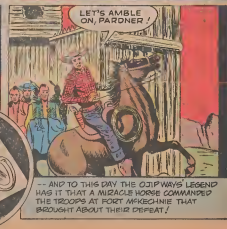
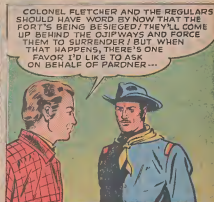
I WASN'T FIXING TO ENTERTAIN VISITORS!



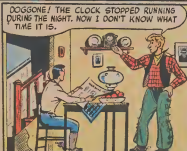
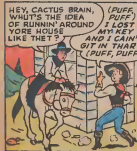
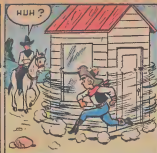
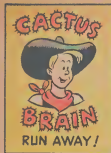


QUICKLY MONTE HALE CUTS THE THINGS THAT BIND THE LOGS TOGETHER....





-- AND TO THIS DAY THE OJIPWAYS' LEGEND HAS IT THAT A MIRACLE HORSE COMMANDED THE TROOPS AT FORT MCKECHNIE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THEIR DEFEAT!





ADVERTISEMENT

# ADVENTURES OF NIP & TUCK

TRADE & MARK  
SAVE THE DAY



# GABBY HAYES

## "TO THE RESCUE!"



MORE,  
GABBY?

'NUP! I SEEM  
TO'VE LOST MY  
APPETITE! I'M ALL  
FILLED UP AND I  
ONLY HAD THREE  
HELPIN'S!

HESTER, I  
GOT SOMETHING  
TO SAY TO YUH!  
CONFIDENTIAL  
LIKE.

YES,  
GABBY?  
YES?  
YES?



HESTER, I'M A SHY MAN. AIN'T ONE TO TELL THE INNERMOST THOUGHTS IN MY HEART. BUT I BEEN AIMING TO TELL YUH THGS FER A LONG TIME. YO'RE THE LOVELIEST...



THE LOVELIEST! HE SAID IT! HE'S GONG TO POP THE QUESTION!



YESSIR, BY PUMPKINS! HESTER, YO'RE THE LOVELIEST COOK IN ALL THE WHOLE DANG WEST!



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET CAVE IN THE FOOTHILLS...

I TEENK I RIDE EEN STAGECOACH TODAY, LOOK AT ZE BEAUTIFOOOL LADEES!



BAH! I'M TIRED OF PRETTY BOY MUSTACHE AND HIS BEAUTIFUL LADIES. LET'S ROB A BANK!

YOU QUESTION ZE AUTHORITY?



I, MUSTACHE, AM ZE LEADER OF THEES GANGS!

URRRGH!

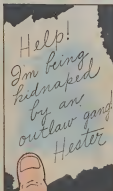
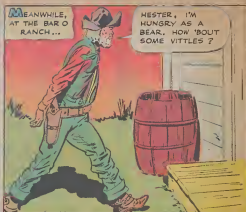


NEXT MORNING, AT THE STAGE DEPOT...

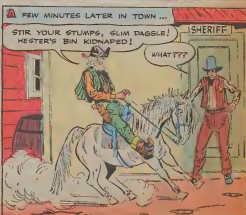
ELLIE, DON'T YOU BREATHE A WORD TO GABBY 'BOUT OUR SECRET!

I WON'T, AUNT HESTER! BUT I THINK IT'S SILLY.

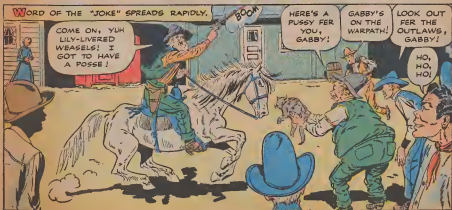
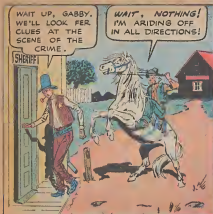




CORKER IS THE ONLY HORSE KNOWN TO MAN WHO KNEELS FOR HIS MASTER TO MOUNT!







MEANWHILE, IN THE STAGECOACH...

AH, ZE BEAUTIFUL  
MAMZEL, YOU HAVE  
DROP ZE HANKEYCHEEF.  
YOU ARE REECH  
AND PRETTY, NO?

HEE,  
HEE,  
HEE!



I'M NOT EXACTLY RICH.  
IT'S MY NIECE, ELLIE,  
THAT'S RICH. SHE'S  
A RANCH OWNER!

HAI RICH  
NIECE! BIG  
RANDOM!



NOW  
ZE MUSTACHE  
ACTS!



ZO SORRY!

CRACK!

AAASH!

WHAT  
ARE  
YOU  
UP  
TO?

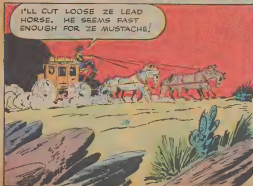


BANG!

YOU CAN'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH ---  
OW !!!



I'LL CUT LOOSE ZE LEAD  
HORSE. HE SEEMS FAST  
ENOUGH FOR ZE MUSTACHE!

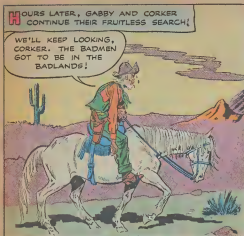


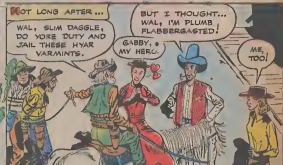
SECONDS LATER...

YOU BEAST!  
HELP! HELP!

YOU ARE  
SPEETFIRE,  
OLD HEN!







**COMIX CARDS**  
appear every  
month in  
*Real*  
**WESTERN HERO**  
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE MARVEL FAMILY  
IN  
*The Marvel*  
*Family*  
EVERY MONTH!

**ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!**

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



# YOUNG FALCON

"IN"  
"DEATH"  
BY-PASSED!"

ONCE AGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM IS MINE AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, YOUNG FALCON! THEN THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE WILL BE FINISHED FOREVER!

MURDERING RENEGADES! YOU OUTCASTS CAN NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF MY PEOPLE... NEVER! I AM READY FOR YOUR ARROWS!



WHEN YOUNG FALCON RETRIEVED THE TRIBAL TOTEM, RIGHTFUL EMBLEM OF LEADERSHIP, FROM THE RENEGADE INDIAN SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE STOLE ONE OF THEIR HORSES TO FLEE. BUT HE MET AN INJURED TRAPPER AND GAVE THE MAN HIS HORSE SO HE COULD ESCAPE CERTAIN DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE PURSUING RENEGADES. THIS RESULTED IN YOUNG FALCON'S CAPTURE, AND NOW...

BUT YOUNG FALCON NEVER ADMITS DEFEAT. AS HE AWAITS THE PIERCING ARROWS, HE PULLS SLIGHTLY UPON THE BRANCH TO WHICH HE'S BOUND...

THIS YOUNG BRANCH HAS PLENTY OF RESILIENT SPRING! ONLY WEAK VINES BIND MY WRISTS TO IT... PERHAPS I AM NOT FINISHED YET! I MUST TIME THIS TO THE SPLIT-SECOND OR I WILL BE RIDDLED WITH THEIR SHAFTS!



...SHOOT!



QUICKLY, YOUNG FALCON PULLS DOWNWARD UPON THE BRANCH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT....



...AND THE SHAFTS PASS  
OVER HIS HEAD!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER,  
YOUNG FALCON LETS THE  
BRANCH SPRING UPWARD,  
CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY!

I CAN FEEL MY  
WRIST-BONDS  
GIVING WAY!



WRETCHES! YOUR DEATH-  
TRAP HAS TURNED INTO  
MY SPRINGBOARD  
TO FREEDOM!



WITH DEMON-LIKE FURY, YOUNG FALCON BATTLES!

BAM!

YIHAAH!

POW!

SMACK!

Ooow!

I'LL HAVE  
YOUR SCALP!

GUESS  
AGAIN,  
BLACKMOON!



OooooPs!

IT'S TIME FOR  
ME TO LEAVE! BUT  
I'LL TAKE THE  
TOTEM FIRST!





THE WHOLE CAMP IS AROUSED NOW. IT'S INTO THE WOODS FOR ME!



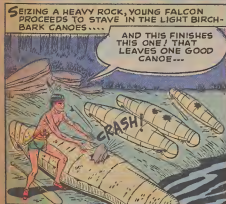
ONCE INSIDE THE WOODS, WITH THE RENEGADES HOT ON HIS HEELS, YOUNG FALCON SWERVES IN HIS FLIGHT, AND...

I'LL CUT BACK THIS WAY TO THE RIVER! THEY HAVE THEIR CANOES THERE!



A MINUTE LATER, YOUNG FALCON EMERGES AT THE BANK OF THE RIVER....

THERE ARE THE CANOES! I MUST WORK LIKE LIGHTNING. I CAN HEAR THEM BEATING THE BUSHES CLOSE BEHIND ME!



SEIZING A HEAVY ROCK, YOUNG FALCON PROCEEDS TO STAVE IN THE LIGHT BIRCH-BARK CANOES....

AND THIS FINISHES THIS ONE! THAT LEAVES ONE GOOD CANOE...

CRASH!



...WHICH IS FOR ME!

THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM! INTO THE CANOES!



OUR CANOES-- WRECKED! WE CAN'T FOLLOW!

WE ARE DEFEATED!



NOW THAT I HAVE RECOVERED THE TRIBAL TOTEM, VICTORY IS TRULY MINE!



# TOM MIX

*in*  
"CUPID'S  
PERILS"

HURRY, TOM!  
WE'VE GOT TO STOP  
THIS FIGHT BEFORE  
SOMETHING TERRIBLE  
HAPPENS!



NOW WAIT, YOU HOMBRES! MUST  
YOU SETTLE AN ARGUMENT  
IN THIS MANNER?

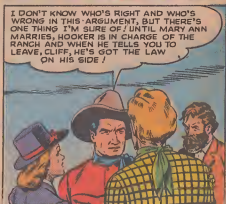
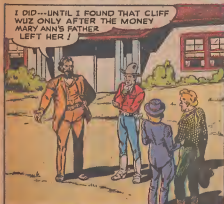
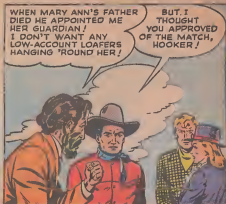
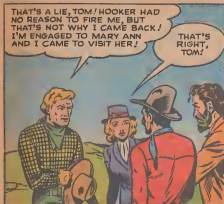


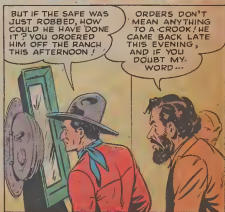
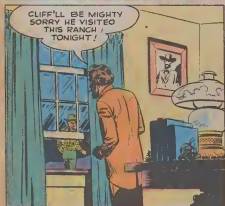
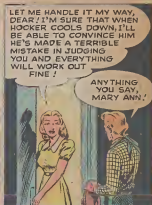
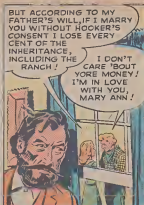
WHAT'S ALL THE  
FIGHTING  
ABOUT?

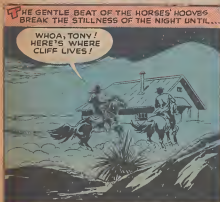


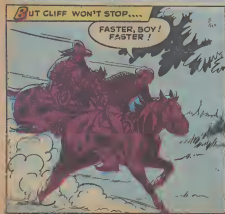
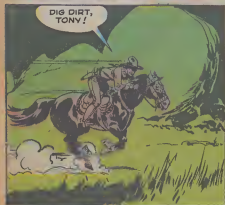
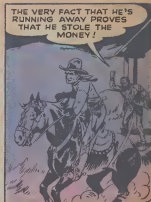
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT  
IT'S ALL ABOUT, MIX!  
THIS AFTERNOON I FIRED  
CLIFF AS FOREMAN, BUT  
HE INSISTED ON COMING  
BACK HERE AND MAKING  
A MIGHTY BIG FUSS  
'BOUT IT!

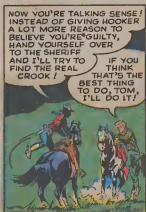
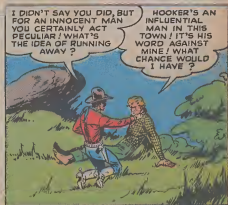












WELL, FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS SAFE, IT WASN'T BROKEN INTO! WHOEVER OPENED IT KNEW THE COMBINATION! SINCE EVERYTHING HERE BELONGS TO MARY ANN SHE'D NEVER ROB HERSELF! THAT MEANS THERE ARE ONLY TWO POSSIBLE SUSPECTS, CLIFF AND HOOKER!



HOOKER--- THAT'S AN INTERESTING THOUGHT! BUT WHAT WOULD HE HAVE TO GAIN BY ROBBING THE SAFE AND HAVING CLIFF BLAMED FOR IT?



I THINK I'VE GOT IT! ACCORDING TO THE WILL LEFT BY MARY ANN'S FATHER, THE MOMENT SHE MARRIES, HOOKER LOSES HIS GUARDIANSHIP AND MUST TURN OVER THE RANCH AND ALL THE CASH INHERITANCE TO HER!



THE ONLY WAY THAT COULD AFFECT HOOKER IS IF HE HAS ILLEGALLY SPENT ANY PART OF THAT INHERITANCE! I'M GOING TO PLAY A LONG SHOT!



MARY ANN! COME HERE--QUICK! IF YOU LOVE CLIFF YOU CAN HELP ME PROVE HIS INNOCENCE!

I'LL DO ANYTHING, TOM!



**S**HORTLY AFTER...

ARE YOU ASLEEP OR CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT, HOOKER?

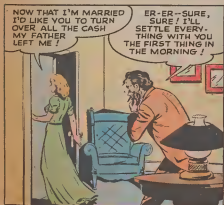
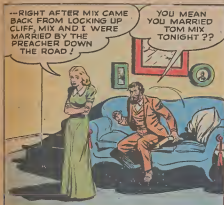
COME RIGHT IN-- THERE WUZ TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT TONIGHT FER ME TO GO TO BED!



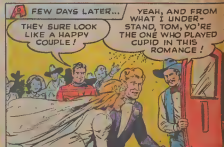
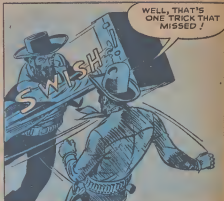
NOW THAT CLIFF'S IN JAIL, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU LISTENED TO ME?

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ABOUT HIM, HOOKER, BUT I'VE GOT A REAL SURPRISE FOR YOU---









**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK. MONDAY THRU FRIDAY AT 5:45 P. M.

HERE'S HOW TO GET THIS

FOR

NEW BIKE

Christmas



*the New*  
**MONARK** *Super Deluxe*

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BICYCLE

Simply check the SEVEN HIDDEN FEATURES below for your free folder showing the complete line of Monark Bicycles in full color . . . and distinctive "Air-Wing" lapel button in attractive red, black and silver effect. Simply stick coupon on penny Postal Card and mail, if you wish.

Please send free folder showing Monark Bicycles in full color . . . and "Air-Wing" Lapel Button, if Features checked correctly.

- ☐ New "Air-Wing" Head Shield and gracefully curved handlebars.
- ☐ New Sponge Rubber Padded Saddle with plastic-type cover.
- ☐ New Heavy-Duty Luggage Carrier with gleaming auto-style grille.
- ☐ New Electronic High Frequency Brazing of major joints.
- ☐ New "Kromegard" Rear Bumper and shock-proof rear reflectors.
- ☐ New Whitewall U.S. Royal chain-read double tube balloon tires.
- ☐ New Mar-Proof and Chip-Resistant triple-baked enamel finish.
- ☐ Reinforced Cross Bars at Frame Head for maximum strength.
- ☐ Shock-Absorbing Double-Spring Cushion Front Fork.
- ☐ Triple-Plate Crown Tubular Fork with steel insert for added strength.

- ☐ New Air-Style Design Headlight with brilliant "road-focus" beam.
- ☐ Arch-Design "Motor-Bike" frame, built-in auto-type tank and horn.
- ☐ Airline Style Pedal Crank and Drive Assembly, precision chain.
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- ☐ Double Width Rear Fork Bar and convenient "kick-up" stand.
- ☐ Drop-out Fork, Acorn-style Cap Nuts and latest style coaster brake.
- ☐ Extra-Long, Heavy-Gauge Auto-Style Fenders and chain guard.
- ☐ Super-Streamlined Air-Flow Design with sleek, speedy lines.
- ☐ Striking New Color Combinations. Choice of three.
- ☐ Exclusive Monark Insurance Plan protects you against loss.



*First* SEND FOR THIS  
BIG FREE FOLDER

It shows the complete line of Monark Bicycles in full color . . . regular and junior sizes . . . boys' and girls' models . . . and tells all about their exciting new features.



*Next* WIN "AIR-WING"  
LAPEL BUTTON

It's easy . . . it's fun . . . and makes you a full-fledged member of this nationwide "Air-Wing" club. Simply check the Seven Hidden Features, at left, and win this emblem. Quickly clamps on coat, shirt or sweater.



*Then* TELL "DAD" AND  
"MOM" ABOUT MONARK

Show them what a beauty it is . . . and tell them about its many superior construction, performance and safety features. Tell them about the exclusive Monark insurance plan . . . and other Monark advantages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

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a sure hit!



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BOUNCE II, 30-in. scale model of the famous Chris-Craft runabout. Easy to build; very speedy and stable. Power with most any gas or diesel engine. Plan No. 388, 50 cents.

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL



**Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera**  
Makes splendid snaps "around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in bright sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$10.50 plus tax; Flashholder, \$2.50 plus tax.



**Baby Brownie Special Camera**  
Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed focus lens. Negatives,  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . \$2.75 plus tax.



**Brownie Reflex Camera**  
Large image on the viewfinder previews your picture. So easy to make sure your snaps are "just right." Negatives,  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ . \$9.50 plus tax; Flashholder, \$3.45 plus tax.

Prices subject to change without notice

"Kodak" is a trade-mark



## Which Kodak Camera for Christmas?

Here's help in making up your mind . . .

Looking for a camera . . . a camera for a beginner . . . for an all-out ace . . . or for someone in between?

On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Chances are your Kodak dealer has these or other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,  
Rochester 4, N. Y.



**Kodak Duaflex Camera**  
Big, brilliant reflecting finder shows you exactly what you're getting before you press the button. Fixed focus. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . \$11.75 plus tax, including protective lens shield, neck strap. Flashholder, \$2.50 plus tax.



**Kodak Flash Bantam Camera f/4.5**—Smallest Kodak miniature; fits pocket or handbag. Makes full-color Kodachrome transparencies—for projection on home screen—for big Kodachrome Prints. Lumenized f/4.5 lens. 1/200-second shutter. Built-in flash. \$50 plus tax. Flashholder, \$9.50 plus tax.



**Kodak Tourist Camera**  
Finest folding model yet. Smart, modern styling. Enclosed optical view finder. New type shutter release for bedrock steadiness. Black-and-white pictures,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ ; Kodacolor Prints, about  $3 \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ . Range of models from \$25 to \$61.50 plus tax.

**Kodak**

**MERRY CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!**

**THANKS, RED RYDER! THIS  
NEW HANDBOOK  
HELPED ME GET  
MY DAISY!**

Daisy is holding his new No. 111,  
3000 Shot RED RYDER CARBINE  
Daisy's cowboy carbine

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# THE TEEN TITANS

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